

Following Chief

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Summary: Mickey finds himself in a whole new kind of war when he drops onto Requiem with his old squad. Though inside he feels like he's lost his life, he feels a brand of passion other than war. Note: This is an ODST, Halo 4 crossover. Unfortunately Fan Fiction doesn't classify the games differently so neither can I.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I own nothing of the Bungie\343 Studios' work and am not trying to claim their work.

>Author's Note: I'm still quite new to writing, and I tried taking a dialogue filled route in two stories. I figured I would do better if I just tried to write a nice, action filled, FF. I'm also entirely new to writing and accept CONSTRUCTIVE criticism.<p>

I still laugh at all the stories I hear from the first encounters of the installations. The last spartan takes an escape pods from one of the strongest military fleets and lands on a big circle. Who would of guessed the luck, right? I mean, only his entire team died on impact. People who put their life to guard, protect and serve him. Or maybe one of the highest held lieutenants in the history of man kind, we all knew him as "the black dude with a cigar and a funky lookin hat" in my platoon. He ended up giving his life to keep chief alive. Why? I often wondered that myself, until I got around the power house of a human.

Personally, I was trained as an ODST, to drop in and take out as many as I could so this all-mighty hero could claim the victory and add another notch to his belt. Do I hate "Master Chief" because he stole all my credit and glory? Nope! What I do hate is that I wasted my time protecting his sorry ass so that he could wind up lost in deep space for four years. I lost a lot of my good friends trying to defend his sorry ass so he could take his nap. I can't tell you how long it's been since I've gotten a good night's sleep, seen my family or even celebrated a holiday. I couldn't even answer you if you asked me when the last time I removed my helmet for a leisure, over a

duty.

Most of my platoon, whats left anyway, is in complete agreement with me on at least one thing. If we're going to be the Chief's bitch, we want to be next to him every step of the way. Whether he knows it or not, we will do our duty. See, what most people don't realize about an ODS and a Spartan, is that an ODS is supposed to be quiet, fast and efficient. A Spartan on the other hand, fast, loud and destructive. Chief will never know we're there and will continue his missions as normal. Simple.

My old team on New Mombasa was a strong ass team, not only did we trust and know our weaknesses, but we personally DELAYED the destruction of an entire planet. They knew me as Mickey, too bad they'll never really know who I am. I kind of miss them to be honest. But then again, Buck was an asshole that only gave a damn about his little lover "Dare". Romeo and I had a bet that he didn't even know the woman's real name. But I guess none of us knew one another by their real name, hell, the new guy got named "Rookie". Some freaky ass, explosion fanatic got named "Dutch". I'll never understand how these names came to be, but that was my team. Now we don't drop together and it feels pretty lonely.

But enough of the old stuff, lets get to the new. I enlisted to be apart of the ODS portion of the "UNSC Infinity" simply because the ship's population seemed way to small to be armed well enough. Little did I know that the ship was equipped with an entire Spartan dock ready to roll out, only downside is that this is the first time the Spartans experience off-planet.

>There's a small group of ODS on the ship, so I stick with them most of the time. I've gotten used to the human-like sounds of conversations. We also don't run under the jurisdiction of the ship commander, Del Rio, either. We run under our own jurisdiction, too bad there isn't anything to "juristic". At this point, we've already set up our own ranking system. I'm not the "top-dog", but I'm pretty close, I'll get to the top soon though.<p>

The officials seem to be kind of off edge about where we're going and won't release information to me. It's starting to get quite annoying, I wanna know what kind of situation I'm jumping into. But I'm not a Spartan, so Palmer wont throw me even a nibble of information, obviously they know whats happening. I put the egg head of ODS to the challenge of finding out what's going on in this ship, in a less legitimate way though. We know him as "Chandler", he's a small little guy, but the last time I saw a shot as good as his was when I worked with Romeo, and it's not often you hit a target traveling at eighty Kilometers an hour.

So far he's dug up another Pelican to drop off a squad of Spartans and two more for Marines and ODS. This just means that we're nearing something big and need more men. A SQUAD of Spartans, isn't a normal circumstance. I guess they're trying to cover it up with the Marines and ODS. I also got our best recon to go do some "casual over-hearing" on the deck, get a feel from Palmer and Lasky. If my guy doesn't get any good information, he's to take what he got and use it against them until he gets what we want. We had to give him a name, he hasn't said a word since he boarded the ship. He seemed to respond real well to "Rookie" when I first met him so that's what I call him. Everyone else calls him "Rook".

And for shits and giggles, I'll introduce you to my wingman; Dutch. We were the only two to stick together(that we know of) after New Mombasa. Though this is the strangest man I've ever met, he's also the only man I trust to throw a grenade, or really anything else.

Dutch thought of a great way to stay loose and "ready for glorious battles of the future". I liked it better when he just said loose. He decided that him and I should spar for the other ODS'T to see what a true team looks like. We're getting in the "Pit" for the first time today. Really, the "Pit" is just a small circle off the entrance to "Sparty Bay". It's made up of supply crates, it's just big enough for us to "dance" comfortably. Every ODS'T showed up, they wanna see a bit of action.

We get our plating and helmets off, so it's just our t-shirts, jeans and tags. Vaulting over the supply crate in front of me, I let off a little groan of pleasure. Dutch takes his sweet time getting into the Pit by pushing a crate to the side, and putting it perfectly back into place.

>I give him a little taunt to start things off, keeping a strong tone and a smirk on my face. "You ready for an ass whippin', Dutch?"
"Aaah yes, Mickey, I am ready to sink my knuckles into that pretty little stomach of yours." He lets off a quiet refute, ending in a gentle laugh.

Bringing our fists into guard positions, we start the match. He takes the first shot, as predicted, at my gut. I stop it with a quick jab into his elbow, and a quick attempt to trip him over. Unfortunately he hops over my foot, sending a fist into my kidney. I wince and back up, I haven't been hit without any plating on in a long time. I fix my stance back into a defensive one and wait for his next blow. He's doing the same, mirroring my movement. I send a quick fist towards his stomach with my left, knowing he'll block it, I send my right into his jaw. It connects and sends a fury through him, he takes my left arm and tosses me to the floor by twisting it around completely and lifting me off my feet. I hit the ground hard and let off a groan of pain. He still holds my left Arm behind my back. I try and force it out of his grip, but it doesn't work, instead I throw myself upwards using my right arm and throwing a foot underneath his. Then it clicks, I don't want him to fall, I want to improve morale for our guys by beating the hell out of him. I withdraw my foot enough to set him off-balance. He releases my arm and tilts back, back on my feet I send a fist into his gut, another into his chest, Moving my fists quick and strong I continue this chain until I knock him out of the ring over a crate.

He hits the floor with a laugh, the other ODS'T look astounded at his actions. He raises up his hand and gestures for me to go to him. I do as I'm gestured to do by vaulting over the crate.
>"Help me up, Rabbit." He says it with a sinister laugh behind it, extending his hand towards mine.
I lock my hand into his and thrust him up to his feet.

Mocking him I give him a slight refute, "Alright Turtle, but only this once, you gotta learn to stay on your feet."

Our eyes meet for a second, giving off a thankful glare. We both needed a good beating and we got it, Dare used to keep us in check and now that she's not around, it's hard to stay "in check".

Just as we finish getting re-suited, Chandler runs up to us.

"Sir, good news, ODS'T are boarding on main bay in T minus 10 minutes. Rook has chosen a good spot for us to log the new additions into our database, but keep hidden." He has a pip in his voice that sounds extremely energetic. You can tell he used to wear 2-inch glasses in high school and by the way he talks, you can tell he was extremely anti-social.

Rookie doesn't show up too far behind him, less rushed though, he nods his head for us to follow him. His face has a slight scarring along the side of it, you can tell he used to be a marine by the shape of the scar, it takes the shape of a marine half-rubber half-plastic helmet. There's a loud un-latching sound from the hangar, they're readying for the Pelican, which means that they're getting ready to board.

Rookie breaks into a sprint towards a wall and leaps up it, grabbing a hold of a ledge about 7 feet higher than his arms' length. I do the same after he shimmy's his way to the closest catwalk over-head, pulling himself up quickly and lunging over the railing he breaks into a sprint again. I'm barely over the ledge myself when he jumps across to a vent chamber and rips off the cover. I follow behind him into the ventilation shaft. I glance behind me, neither Chandler or Dutch followed. Rookie takes a strange path and winds up into the hangar's ventilation opening. He gives it a light kick, so it falls open slow enough for him to catch it before it crashes into the floor. We're pretty high up, but he manages to find an even higher area. He leaps across to a small docking crane and sits on it, looking towards the energy shield that protects us from deep space and safety. I stick to opening in the shaft. He gestures for me to follow over to him, which I eventually do after some self-persuasion. I sit next to him.

We sit in silence for a few minutes and the crane shifts catching us both off guard, considering how we both nearly meet a cold and ironic end. Not to long after the shift a Pelican zooms in. The crane shifts again, but this time it places over the Pelican. The crane drops onto the Pelican, and guides it to a landing zone. The entire time I'm shitting my pants because of all the unguarded subtle movements.

He looks at me, mouths "We're fucked." and jumps onto the Pelican, I follow. He sprints off the front of the Pelican, and right into a group of Marines. Deciding it's best he doesn't get an earful alone, I follow, only we're not getting an earful. We just discretely added ourselves to the greeting party. I hear a high-pitched beep in the back of the crowd, it's Chandler setting up the logbooks for whoever comes off the Pelican. Dutch is right behind him, laughing uncontrollably. He eventually decides to push his way through the crowd and join me, Rook falls back to Chandler.
>The next part happened so fast, I still don't believe it happened.
"ATEN-HUT! COMMANDER ON DECK!" Palmer calling over the crowd, she heads towards the front. Del Rio follows behind her, eventually passing her to the general area where the entrance of the Pelican will drop. It takes a few seconds to click in, this isn't any ODS'T delivery, these are important people for Del Rio to come out of his nest. The door falls and the occupants of the Pelican follow, falling into a line, facing the greeting party. I recognize the symbol on their shoulders. I look over at Dutch, he's already looking

at me. Buck got his own battalion, that dickhead didn't even include Dutch or myself. Then he emerges from the Pelican, his hair still in a mold of what it was when I first met him. Another figure follows behind him, Dare.

>Del Rio doesn't contain his excitement; "Buck, Dare! It's nice to see some formal ODST, you won't believe how uncontrollable and unstable the ones on hand already are!"
Buck doesn't give him a second of his attention, instead him and Dare scope the crowd in front of them. I notice she's missing a few inches of hair, coming just off the bottom of her ears.

>Del Rio seems confused he turns and scans the crowd himself, trying to piece together what they're looking for.
"Buck, what are you-" Del Rio tries to ask a question, but Dare has already found the answer that they were looking for. She eyes Dutch and I, giving Buck a little nudge and nods to our general area. A smile overwhelms his face when he looks over. I can't help but do the same, it's nice to be surrounded by old faces. Dutch starts into a laugh again and starts towards the Pelican, I follow behind him. I start to notice his smile fading into a smirk. I smack the middle of Dutch's chest to hold him in place, and not a moment too soon.

>"Men!" Buck gives the command, and in a second we're surrounded by silenced SMGs.<p>

****AUTHOR'S NOTE:** I won't be updating this story until I have a certain Review:View ratio. The last FF I wrote got barely any views and only 3 reviews, and I put A LOT of time and effort into it. I just don't want to waste my time. *******

2. Chapter 2

****Author's Note:** I apologize for the format of the ending of the first chapter, I had no idea that it would come out looking like that. I'll try my hardest to separate better than that.******

Putting our hands in the air, Dutch and I glance at each other and glare at Dare and Buck. Dare preps a pair of constriction gloves, they have a stronger gravitational pull to the ground and stay adjacent to each other by a magnetic pull. Similar to prototype Gravity Hammers. I take note that she only has a single pair, why not two? If they're here for an arrest, shouldn't it be both Dutch and I? Thoughts race through my mind, trying to figure out why they're arresting one of us. She approaches me, not Dutch.

"Hands forward Mickey, you know the drill." Her voice is more gentle than what it was back on New Mombasa.

>I don't move my arms, I need to know what's going on first. "Could I possibly know the reasons for this family gathering?" I need to mix in a little bit of sarcasm, or it's just not any fun. I notice Del Rio seeming extremely surprised, it adds humor to the situation.<p>

Dare gives me a hard look "You're being apprehended fo-" she starts but the voice behind her finishes her statement without warning.

"For the destruction of ONI data files, for tapping into ONI security channels and revealing highly classified data to the public civilizations of planet Earth." Buck's voice is still cocky as ever, still feels like he controls me.

A bit of Rage fills my gut, but I keep my silence and put my arms forward, allowing her to attach the gloves. A strange sound fills the room, something along the lines of running. It doesn't sound like it's coming from ground level, but from above. Thoughts are still racing through my mind, and it hits me. Rookie and Chandler went back for the rest of the platoon. A smile pushes into my lips when I see the glint of a helmet.

I look at where Dare's eyes should be, she's focused on attaching the gloves properly. She finishes and the gloves let off a bit of steam and lock into place. She looks up at me, our eyes meet for all of a second and I laugh in her face.

"Did you really think, that you could come onto MY ship, and think you can apprehend me for things that I was TOLD to do? You're in a whole new universe here sweet cheeks, Del Rio wasn't lying when he said we've lost it." My tone is strong with a slight mix of amusement. I look at Dutch, he's looking around the vents, which are slowly forming holes in them to allow for gun fire. He lowers his arms into a fold. Dare gets the hint and looks up and around, seeing the holes and the glint of visors. She looks back at me.

Tactical-lasers shoot down from the vents, all highlighting Dare and Buck. Buck doesn't move, Del Rio hides behind Palmer, and the two back out of the room. The fear in Dare's face is amusing.

"I really don't want to do this Dare, just take the gloves off my hands and we can all go about our day." I give her an offer, she looks over at Buck, who goes over the compromise.
>"Buck, are you really going to risk her life, after letting Romeo die on that Phantom to save her ass?" Dutch gives a soothing, yet threatening fact.<p>

Buck's face doesn't flinch, he's still processing it. His men haven't moved their sights off of Dutch and me since he gave the command. Dare's face is nearly entirely red, her eyes still locked on my face.

"Keep the gloves on him, we have our mission, this is just a slight setback." His voice is too calm.
>"Buck, you realize you're both going to die from this, don't you?" A familiar voice echoes from the vents, can't figure out who but I'll deal with it later.<p>

"Perhaps, but so will the two in the center of my sewing circle." His voice seems a little off edge, with his life being directly threatened, he's a little off edge.

"They die too." The voice is cold, empty. "Then your mission is a failure, your girlfriend dead and a lot of dead innocents. Isn't that what you serve for Buck, to protect the innocents?"
>Looking over at the group of unarmed marines covering in the corner of the room, his mind scrambles.
Dare finally pitches in. "What if I take the gloves off, then what?" Her voice quivers when a laser hits the corner of her right eye.

The main doors open and reveal the ODS behind the voice, Rookie.
"Well, then we can go on and act like this never happened." The

scarred and battered silenced SMG in his hands is at rest.
>Buck and Dare seem surprised to see him. Dare nods and places her key-card over the glove she conceals my right hand, both gloves fall to the floor. I let my hands fall to my sides and raise a hand to signal "stand down" to my men, Buck mirrors me and his men fall back into a line. The lasers disappear one after the other and the vents creek into silence.<p>

I look Dare in the eye, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Sorry it had to be that way, but smart choice not listening to your boyfriend." She nods and makes her way towards Buck, keeping her eyes trained on me.

Slapping his hands together, Dutch makes a witty comment "Lets get something to eat!" He laughs and heads out the door, placing a hand on Rookie's shoulder, who follows him out the door towards the mess hall. I follow not too far behind them, Dare's eyes fixed on me still.

>"Mickey, wait!" Buck tries to command me, he gets my longest finger as a response as I head out the door.<p>

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>Dinner is a bit different with the large addition of ODS to our group, we actually have to make sure we're getting correct amounts of food. You can tell the difference between my platoon and Buck's. Buck sits tall and says little to nothing to each other, once in a while a joke is made and some laughing can be heard. My troops on the other hand don't shut up and enjoy each others' company, they know that this very well may be the last time they will.<p>

Rookie, Chandler, Dutch and I all sit in a circle, conversing about what happened, Chandler told basically both Rookie's and his own part, Rookie just ate in silence.

>"Rook here was the first to figure out what was going down, before the guns were even raised, he was out the door and getting our guys in the ventilation!" Chandler's excitement is overwhelming. He goes over every move he made and laughs at the end of each sentence, exclaiming how awesome it was. He's never seen any real action before, nothing like that Rookie, Dutch and I have seen.<p>

I glance over at Buck's side of the room. Dare is nowhere to be seen and Buck doesn't have the slightest sign of caring on his face, aside from the large red hand print on his cheek that he rubs every so often. I stand, causing my troops to go silent. I make a circle in the air with one finger, pointing it at Buck's table. This signifies for a regroup where I pointed and they get the idea, they sprint over and start messing around with Buck's men, Dutch and Rookie run and grab spots on either side of Buck. Chandler is busy picking on one of the larger ODS of Buck's group. I take the spot across from Buck, extending a hand for him to shake, and he does.

>"You know Buck, some things never change about you, you're still an asshole and you still have manners. Oh and you look weird as hell without that fat plating on your chest." I throw him some humor "Sorry about the whole 'nearly killing you thing' but you know, things had to happen."<p>

He responds with a smile and some "bounce back" humor. "Yeah, sorry about the whole false accusation, nearly putting you in prison ordeal." We release hands, and I walk away. Dutch starts some

conversation about the exploding stars and how it makes him feel, Rookie sits in silence.

I make way for my cabin, I figure a night of sleep would be good after excitement like that. I rub my neck as I walk down the hallway, I twist my head to the left and I catch a glimpse of Dare in her cabin. Her knees are pressed to her chest and she stares out the circle window above her bed, her back is to me. I've never actually seen her without plating, I laugh a little too loud as I walk past her door. A few steps later and I hear a door slide open behind me, when I look back I see a marine exiting his room, headed for the bathroom, probably had Prunes with his dinner.

Finally reaching my room at the opposite end of the hallway, I find that my door was left open, groaning, I walk in. Del Rio said he would have my head if I left my door open and he finds anything illegal in my room, not that I have anything, I just don't want my cabin being searched it's my last bit of privacy. I flip on a light and sit down on the cement-like single bed, slipping my T-shirt off. I don't have any blankets for my cabin, I don't like the idea of restraint. Looking over at my nightstand, something seems like it's missing, my picture frame and it's contents are missing. Moving the nightstand, I find it's nowhere in the room.

The picture was the last thing we all did as an entire squad on New Mombasa. I always laugh when I think about it. These people are my family, what's left of it anyways, Romeo being dead and everything. Trying to think of where it may have gone, it occurs to me that I don't carry it around with me, I get an idea on where it may have gone and head back down the hallway towards Dare's room. I catch a glimpse of her door closing as I make my way, someone entered went into her room and I consider turning around. Deciding not too, I compromise on slowly walking down the hallway instead. When I get closer to her door, I can distinctly hear her voice yelling at someone.

I get next to her door and peek through the glass, it's Buck she's screaming at, her face is deep red. She looks over his shoulder and spots me, so I straighten up and knock on the door. She gestures for me to go away, and I gesture for my picture back. She rolls her eyes and grabs the frame, pointing at the picture and I nod. She slides the door open and shoves it in my bare chest, she glares into my eyes for a moment and slams the door back in my face. I shake my head and start back towards my cabin. I look at the glass of the picture frame and notice some moisture, she misses the old days too, I bite my cheek and wipe off the glass. I get into my room about 22:00.

Laying in my bed, arms under my head, I realize the tears in her eyes and the tears on my frame must have been related. Letting off a sigh, I close my eyes and slowly drift into slumber and a knocking echoes throughout my cabin. I check my watch and it reads 2:00, I get up and open the door, the hallway is dark for lights-out. A soft voice whispers into my cabin.

>"Can I come in?" <p>

End
file.